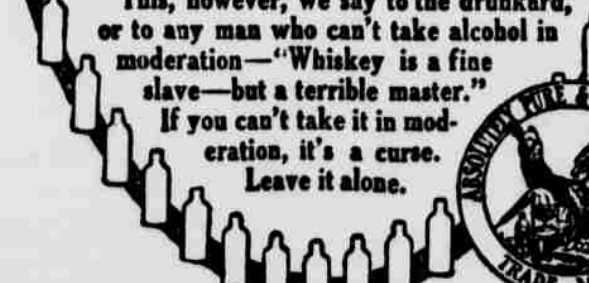


**Captain of Annie Smith Tells  
Story of Black Steve's Ghost  
That Clung to Ship.**

"In a canvas sleep, with lead at his feet Black Steve was shot over the side; and the men turned away believin', they say, that he'd taken his last sea ride. But my mate, Masey, he goes to the fore when he came on the new watch, that he felt that a new watch would hold as to him a wee bit o' Scotch. When he drank it down, an' ferried him, went to see that the watch turned to, and he swears by the leg o' the Annie Smith that lookin' him through and through was the spectral form o' the foremost hand he'd seen shot into the



This, however, we say to the drunkard, or to any man who can't take alcohol in moderation—"Whiskey is a fine slave—but a terrible master."

If you can't take it in moderation, it's a curse.

Leave it alone.

THE OLD BLEND  
TRADE MARK

[illegible]

**JIM BARRY BEATS LANG.**  
STONEY, Australia, Jan. 4.—James Barry, the heavyweight pugilist of Chicago, defeated "Bill" Lang of Victoria, the former heavyweight champion of Australia, at the Stadium here to-day.

A slight disagreement was settled amicably by Magistrate Preschl, in West Side Court, to-day, when Owen Sullivan of No. 723 Columbus avenue, was arraigned on a complaint of Herman Siskin of No. 73 East One Hundred and Seventh street, who charged Sullivan with being the primary cause of a large globular lump on Siskin's right "clamp." Sullivan was at the corner of One Hundred and Fourth street and Central Park West, when Siskin came along carrying a large ball of black paint. Some one, Sullivan said, hurled a snowball, which caught Siskin about the back of the head.

Siskin came back to investigate. He

found the innocent Sullivan gazing at the white paint bucket which had fallen from his hand. He stepped at large brush in the bucket of black paint and proceeded to change Sullivan's complexion.

Sullivan objected to the transformation and a struggle ensued, during which Stiffkin upset the whole bucket of paint over Sullivan's head. At that juncture exacting Stiffkin's forehead with force sufficient to raise a lump the size of an ostrich egg. When Stiffkin regained his equilibrium he called Policemen Higgins and had Sullivan arrested.

After Stiffkin had given his version of the occurrence in court Sullivan was called.

"Your Honor," he said, "I'm not a black as I was painted. I didn't throw any snowball or hit this guy with anything. I tried to show him his mistake and he upset the paint bucket on me. Just then a limb from one of the trees broke off and hit me on the top of this forehead," he exclaimed to him. "That's all I know about it."

Magistrate French decided Sullivan had the better of the argument and the case was dismissed.

We believe it is our duty to inform the public that a majority of fatal cases of pneumonia are caused by the patient taking for the cold some so-called cough cure which depends upon poisonous drugs for its effect.

These drugs deaden the nerves and stop secretion along the breathing tract that causes pneumonia.

Easton's Lung Cure cures colds and throat and lung troubles without the use of poisonous drugs. It is not a patent medicine, nor cough syrup, but a body builder—an eminent specialist prescribed it for the Rev. Fr. John O'Brien of Lowell, Mass. fifty years ago.

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